

tests the Yankees rolled up 85 points, but 8 points less than all the other nations combined.

There is better feeling at the finish of this Olympic meet than

at any of its predecessors. The Americans have made themselves popular, and there is no bitterness because of their overwhelming victory.

NEW YORK STARTLED BY MURDER OF GAMBLER.

New York, July 16.—The murder of Herman Rosenthal, gambler, has begun such a sensation as will rock New York to its very foundations.

The dealings of the police with gamblers, and with the New York Apaches, whose only trade is murder, are all to come out.

A beginning already has been made. The police today arrested Louis Libby, 35, chauffeur, employed at the same garage from which was rented the automobile used by the taxicab bandits.

The police say Libby was chauffeur of the machine used in the murder of Rosenthal in the very center of New York's new tenderloin today.

Libby was sweated by District Attorney Whitman and high police officials. He was defiant at first. Then weakened, and, the police say, confessed.

The murder of Rosenthal was the most sensational gang-murder in the history of New York.

Rosenthal was a cheap gambler. He was the representative of a politician of nation-wide prominence.

Recently Rosenthal violated the ethics of the gambler's code. He squealed to District Attorney Whitman, saying that Police Lieut. Becker was holding him up for a percentage of the profits of

his gambling house.

From the moment he squealed Rosenthal walked in deadly fear of his life. Yesterday afternoon his wife got him to take a body-guard with him.

At midnight Rosenthal made a trip to District Attorney Whitman's office to tell more of police dealings with gamblers. He did not take a guard with him.

"What's the use?" he asked his wife. "If they're going to get me they'll get me, guard or no guard."

He told Whitman he was afraid to come to see him again. Whitman laughed at the gambler's fears.

"This is New York," he said, "not the wild and woolly West."

"Laugh if you like," said Rosenthal, "but I know. I've squealed on the police, and the police have got better men than I am for that. They'll get me, too, and you'll never be able to find out who is responsible."

So, instead of making the next meeting for the completion of Rosenthal's confession in his office, Whitman made it at his home at 8:30 o'clock this morning.

Rosenthal never lived to keep the appointment. Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning he was called out of the Hotel Metropole at the 43rd street entrance.